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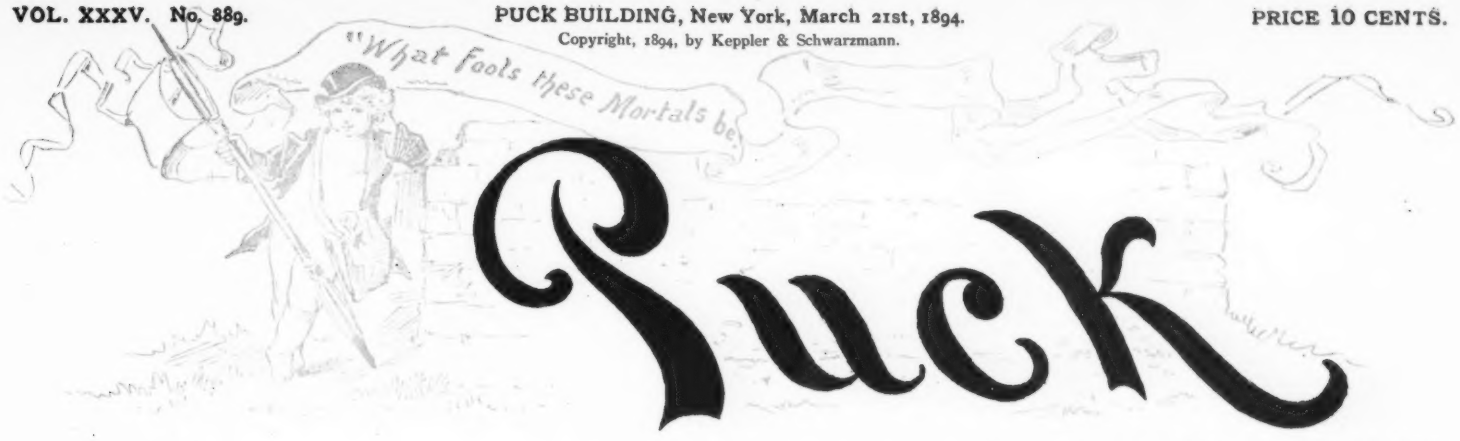

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THAT SETTLES IT!

PUCK,
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The subscription price of Puck is $5.00 per year. $2.50 for six months. $1.25 for three months. Payable in advance.

Keppler & Schwarzmann, Publishers and Proprietors.

Editor - - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, March 21st, 1894. – No. 889.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

AS TO TALK, TROUBLE AND THE TARIFF.

THERE IS a beautiful story of a New England housewife of the fussy, futile, fretful type, which represents her as rising at four o'clock in the morning and calling shrilly to her "hired girl": "Here, Jane, get up; get up, Jane! Here it is Monday; to morrow 's Tuesday, next day 's Wednesday — half the week gone and not a bit of work done!" There have been times of late when it has seemed to us that a good many editorial offices in this country must have been handed over to the management of nervous old ladies of just this type. With a certain class of people, Monday's stringency is always Wednesday's panic; and somehow these people always have the shrillest voices. If this country is not to-day plunged in depths of irretrievable financial disaster, it is only because the alarmist leader writers have shrieked so loudly that the volume of their united noise has made their utterances unintelligible. If the tenth part of their talk had any foundation beyond silly panic fear, or the desire to create a sensation, we should all be walking bare-foot by this time and eating unleavened bread to save yeast-cakes. As a matter of fact, our business conditions have been pretty much the same as those of the rest of the world. Everywhere in Europe, as with us, the year 1893 has been a trying one; and the year 1894 has begun with a dull, depressed market, greatly wanting in confidence and enterprise.

But, Gentlemen of the World of Business, what do you expect? You had your last genuine blood-letting in 1873; and, since then, except for a few brief periods when you were a little worried about your digestion, you have gone on and on, piling up the material for a plethora — and now you wonder that you have n't any appetite! Like the short-sighted children of this slow-learning world that you are, you keep on year after year choking up the whole system of your commerce, and paralyzing the whole system of your finance by trying to cram a thousand dollars' worth of goods into a hundred-dollar-size market. It never can be done — that is, in the long run it can not be done. It is easy enough to make that sort of dealing succeed for a time. There are many ways in which it is easy to discount the future. You can pour material into the market so plentifully as to tempt people to speculate beyond their certain means; but the time must come when you load even the most speculative beyond their courage, and then the trouble must come; and, when it comes, it comes all round. If your buyer has not the money to pay you, you must suffer, though you take all that he has.

We may say with gratitude and relief that we have practically got through our tight times without reaching that fatal point. No better testimony could be offered to the tremendous resources of this country; to the stability of her business system, or to the thrift and steadiness of her people, than the fact that after a whole year of panic-shouting we have emerged from hard times into a reasonably better state of things without really having touched the panic line. We have had "hard times," it is true; but hard times, compared with panic times, are as a cold in the head to a case of consumption. The smaller evil may well be borne, so long as it does not bring about the greater. And when hard times come as a result of over-confidence and over-production, and are met in such a spirit that, so far from scaring the people into the abandonment and desperation of panic terror, they school the nation back to old habits and ways of prudence and frugality, we may be thankful to "hard times" for doing to the community at large something like the good that a period of low diet does to an over-fed man.

The man who economizes stays at home more than he did in flush times. That ought to give him a good opportunity to think; and to think with his brain and not with his mouth. Too many people think with their mouths, but they only do it when there are other people around who can't help listening to them. Now, a man can go out on the street, and meet other men, and talk politics all day — and real loud, too — and not think one thought with his brain. Of the thought thus evolved between the larynx and the front teeth it may safely be said that while it is always copious in quantity it is generally below par in respect to quality. Therefore it is to be hoped that the men who have had to stay at home a good deal during the past year, having been estopped by their wives — as we hope and trust they were — from talking politics in the household, have found time to do a little genuine mental thinking. If so, they have probably convinced themselves that high prices do not always breed good times, and that ten lively dimes do more good to business than one sluggish dollar. Kindred reasoning may also have shown them that the man who earns ten dollars a week and saves one of the ten is really more prosperous than the man who earns twenty dollars and spends nineteen dollars and ninety-nine cents of it for the necessaries of life. And if any man has got that far in political economy and common-sense, it should not be difficult for him to go a little farther and recognize the fact that the passage of the Wilson Bill will give every dollar that he spends a vastly increased purchasing power, and will start into active circulation among the people hundreds of commodities hitherto restricted as to their use by reason of costliness; and he will then have learned a lesson that will not be any the less valuable to him for its having been taught by the object method.

SONG OF THE SUNITE.

READ THE *Sun*. It teaches me
That black is very white;
With it I heartily agree
That daytime is the night.

By it I see that Cleveland is
A "gold-bug" and a traitor,
And every act and word of his
Finds me its earnest hater.

The "Policy of Infamy!"
And "Un-American!"
Is everything I hear or see
That Cleveland tries to plan.

No matter what he does or says,
I see his motives still,—
He has no open, honest ways
Like glorious David Hill!

'Gainst Gresham, too, I am arrayed,
His honored name we 'll drag
Down in the dust,—he has "betrayed
His country and its flag."

And if I hear a Democrat
Claim they are honest, true,
I keep on talking through my hat
And shouting out "Cuckoo!"

Oh! Tammany is good and great,
The Wilson Bill is wrong;
But Cleveland is the man we hate,
And, oh! our hate is strong!

Then, with a will, Hurrah for Hill!
Long may his greatness grow —
For wrong is Right, and if you see
It in the *Sun*, it 's so!

R. L. M.

REVENUE REFORM.

BRONSON.—The tariff bill can be passed if it is modified to suit the views of the objecting Democratic Senators.

JOHNSON.—Yes; but what are their views?

BRONSON.—Well, I think they would like to have the McKinley tariff as it is, and just add the income tax to the taxes we have now!

SELF-DEFENCE.

STRIKER.—We hov indooced thim scabs to quit wurrick, an' th' mill do be sthopped agin.

WIFE.—Oi hope yez did not use violence.

STRIKER.—Violence? No; we only definded oursilves w'en they attacked us fur t'rowin' stones at 'em.

DEAR MRS. LEASE, with tranquil *peace*,
Your name rhymes, beyond doubting;
Hence, much I fear you are, my dear,
Both rhyme and reason scouting.

THE POLITICAL BRUMMELL.

BEAU HARRISON.—Well, the ladies, bless 'em, may wear new bonnets for Easter; but this same old hat suits me!

A SAFE DELAY.

JESS. — You said you were going to speak to Father when you met him at the club.
JACK. — I saw him only once, and then he was two hundred dollars behind the game.

A PERTINENT QUESTION.

'T was Easter services: her fair and soulful face
Seemed quite the personation of both piety and grace;
And to this day, when memory her winsome presence brings,
I think the thought her face first brought: — an angel, minus wings.
But was it prayer she offered as in loveliness she sat?
Ah, no! She simply asked a friend, "Where did you get that hat?"

Nixon Waterman.

CAUTION.

HAYRICK *(on a ferry boat)*. — You hain't so gol darn pretty thet you have to stare at thet lookin' glass all the way over.

UNCLE SOL. — See thet sign about pickpockets? None o' them scamps is goin' to flank me, and me not know it!

EXPERT OPINION.

"Here," said the appreciative dime museum manager, as he watched the big 'longshoreman handle the great casks of sugar; "why don't you give up this dollar-a-day job and go in the Human Hercules biz? You 're too strong to work!"

HOW WE would enjoy the rapture
Of our earliest callow love,
Could we its bliss recapture
Less the foolishness thereof!

VIGILANCE ELUDED.

WING. — There seems to be more disposition to enforce the excise laws.

KING. — Yes. In my neighborhood last Sunday the side doors were so carefully watched that the saloon-keepers had to admit customers by the front door.

ONE WAY.

JOHNNY. — Pop, what is this Appian Way there 's so much about in this book?

MR. READ *(who is superintending his son's education)*. — H'm! It 's "when in Rome do as the Romans do," I suppose!

NO SALE.

PEDDLER. — I 've got some signs that I 'm selling to storekeepers right along. Everybody buys 'em. Here 's one "If You Don't See What You Want, Ask For It!"

COUNTRY STOREKEEPER. — Think I want to be bothered with people askin' fer things I ain't got? Give me one readin': "Ef Yeh Don't See What Yeh Want, Ask Fer Something Else!"

HER TASTES were so expensive,
So inclined to prices steep,
She was uniformly silent
From the fact that talk is cheap.

"DELAY IS dangerous," remarked the train-robber, as he requested the passengers to hand over their valuables.

BY H. C. BUNNER.

No. III.

THE GHOOLLAH. *(Concluded.)*

THAT EVENING Mitch came for us with a carryall, and said he was going to drive us twenty miles inland to a "dancing-in-the-barn" function on somebody's plantation. I proved to him then and there that he was not. Billings nearly melted into a puddle while the operation was going on. He could scarcely believe his eyes when he saw Big Mitch drive off alone, and I think he had a slight chill. At any rate, he had the champagne brought to the library, and there he told me that he had not believed such a thing to be possible; that he looked upon me in a new light, and that he thought my *Ghoollah* must be stronger than Mitch's *Ghoollah*. I told him that I should be ashamed of myself if it was n't; and then I asked him what a *Ghoollah* was. Please do not ask me if I have spelled that word right. I am spelling it by ear, and if my ear for Hindoo is as bad as my ear for music, I have probably got it wrong. It sounded something like the noise that pigeons make, and that is as near as I can get to it. According to Billings, it was Hindoo for my vital essence and my will power and my conscience and my immortal soul and pretty nearly every other spiritual property that I carried around in my clothes. Everyone, it appeared, had a *Ghoollah*. If your Ghoollah was stronger than the other man's Ghoollah, you bossed the other man. If you had a good and happy Ghoollah you were good and happy. If you had a bad Ghoollah, you were bilious. If my Theosophy is wrong, please do not correct it. I prefer it wrong. I told him that I did not see that having a Ghoollah was anything more than being yourself, but he said it was; that folks could swap Ghoollahs, or lend them out on call loans.

Then it all came out. That was the reason that he was driving deeper and deeper into Theosophy. He had got so sick of Mitch that, feeling it impossible to shake off his burden, he had seized upon this Ghoollah idea as offering a ray of hope. He was now trying to learn how to get into spiritual communication with somebody — *anybody* — else, who would swap Ghoollahs with him after business hours, so that they could ride-and-tie, as it were, and give his own weary Ghoollah a spell of rest.

"Look here, Billings," I said, "this is all rubbish. Now, I 'm not dealing in Ghoollahs, but I 'll tell you what I 'll do. You can find some sort of a job here for a decent young fellow, and I 'll send one down who 'll be grateful for the place and who will be a companion to you. It 's Arthur Penrhyn, Dr. Penrhyn's boy; a nice, pleasant young fellow — just what his father used to be, you remember? He was to have graduated at Union this year, but he broke down from over-study. That 's the kind of Ghoollah *you* want, and he 'll do you no end of good."

* * *

This happened in June. I had never expected to see Billings's mud-heap again, but I saw it before the end of July. I went there because Billings had written me that if I cared for him and for our life-long friendship, and for poor Penrhyn's boy, I must come on at once. He could not explain by letter what the matter was.

It added to my natural concern when, on my arrival, Billings hurried me into the library and I found it as theosophic as ever. I had hoped that that nonsense was ended. But worse was to come.

"When you were here before," said Billings, impressively, without having once mentioned champagne, "you scoffed at a light which you could n't see. Now, my friend, I am going to let you see it with your own eyes, and you shall tell me whether or no you are convinced that it is possible for one human being to exchange his entity with another. If I have brought you here on a wild goose chase, I am willing to have you procure a judicial examination into my sanity, and I will abide the issue."

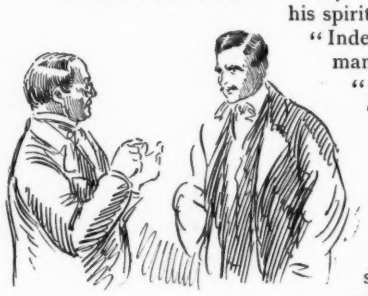
He spoke with so much quiet gravity that he made me feel creepy.

"See here, old man," I said; "do you mean to tell me that you have succeeded in pairing off with any other fellow's Ghoollah, or Woollah, or whatever it is?"

"No," he said, coloring a little; "it 's not I. It 's — it 's — it 's — in fact, it 's that boy Penrhyn."

"What the deuce do you mean?" I demanded.

"I mean that Arthur Penrhyn has changed, or rather, is changing his spiritual essence with another man."



"Indeed," said I; "and who 's the other man?"

"Randloph Mitchel," said Billings.

"Mitch?"

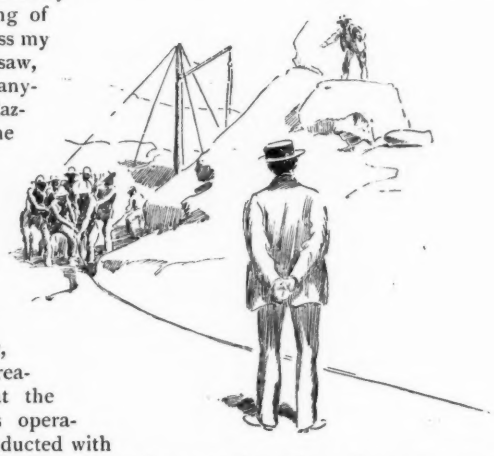
"Mitch!"

There is no need of describing the rest of that interview. You have probably met the man who believes that the spirit of his grandmother came out of the cabinet and shook hands with him. You can probably imagine how you would talk to that man if he had brought you eight hundred miles to tell you about it. That is what happened in Billings's library that afternoon, and it ended, of course, in our calling each other "old man" a great many times over, and in my agreeing to stay to the end of the week, and in Billings's giving me his word of honor not to open his mouth on the subject unless at the end of that time I asked him to and admitted that he was right in sending for me. And then Billings did something that knocked my consciousness of superiority clean out of me, and gave a severe shock to my confidence. He offered to bet me five hundred dollars to anything that would make it interesting on that contingency, and he called me down and down till I had to compromise on a bet of fifty dollars even. I have met many men in the course of my life who believed in various spook-religions, but that was the first and only time that I ever met a man who would back his faith with a cold money bet.

* * *

By way of changing the subject, we strolled down to the quarry. It was even hotter than before, and it smelt worse, and I did not wonder that it had driven poor old Billings to Theosophy. It was a scene of interesting activity, but it could not be called pleasant. I have a great respect for the dignity of labor, but I think labor looks more dignified with its shirt on than when reduced to a lone pair of breeches.

I was about to make a motion to return to the house, when suddenly a string of peculiarly offensive oaths, uttered in a shrill angry voice, drew my attention to a heavy wire rope which a gang of men were hauling across my path. Looking up I saw, as well as I could see anything, against the dazzling background of the sand-hill, a short, insignificant - looking figure perched on a rock, from whence it directed, with many gesticulations and an abounding stream of profanity, the operations of the toiling, grunting, straining creatures who dragged at the ponderous cable. Its operations seemed to be conducted with more vehemence than judgement, and two or three times the rope was on the edge of slipping back into the pit behind, when it was saved by the men's quick response to some directions given in a low, strong voice by a man who stood in my rear. Some little hitch occurred after a minute or two, and the small figure, in an access of rage, rushed down from the rock, and, showering imprecations all around, leaped in among the workmen,



(Concluded on page 74, this number.)

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IN THE WRONG DIRECTION.

MISSIONARY. — I hope, my poor unfortunate brother, that you now see the error of your way.

THE UNFORTUNATE BROTHER *(a burglar by profession)*.—You're right I do, gent. If I 'd sloped right down der street, instead of runnin' in der ary way, I would n't 'a' dropped inter th' arms of der copper.

AS GOOD AS DEAD.

HE. — What 's this terrible thing I hear? I am told that you are not a widow, but a married woman with a husband still living — and yet you have engaged yourself to me.

SHE. — Don't let that worry you, my love. We will never meet him. He does not move in our set.

THE DOCTOR'S ART.

ILLY.— I don't see why the doctor has to come here twice a day. He leaves medicine on his first visit does n't he?

MRS. ILLY.—Yes; but he has to come again in the afternoon to leave an antidote for the medicine he left in the morning.

SUFFERING UNALLEVIATED.

MOULDY MIKE.— Down wid the aristocracy wot don't care how the poor suffers!

PHILANTHROPIST.— Why, my friend, we have in this city a free bread fund, a free clothing fund, a free fuel fund, a free —

MOULDY MIKE.— Yes, an' forty other free funds that 's no use to any but women and children. Down wid the whole of yeh! Ye 'd let a poor wayfarin' man starve of thirst before ye 'd soften y'r hard hearts enough to start a free beer fund.

OPENING OF THE B. B. SEASON.

Now pitchers take the Keeley Cure
And tonics for their nerves,
Fearful lest their managers
Should get on to their curves.

THE SECRET OF IT.

THE WILD MAN OF BORNEO.— How is it the Two-Headed Girl seems to get along without any trouble?

BEARDED LADY. — Well, she does n't mix with other freaks much. She prefers to associate with herself.

THE TERRIBLE TRUTH.

WIFE.— I have a confession to make. I took your last story and sent it to the *Hightone Magazine*, and here 's their check.

STRUGGLING AUTHOR.— What! Did they accept it?

"Yes."

"Heavens! This is awful! I must be getting paresis."

"I 'VE HEARN tell uv fire-plugs," said Uncle Reuben, as he gazed at the horses in the engine-house, "an' if city folks call them hosses plugs, I 'd jest like ter see some uv their fine-blooded animils."

EXPERIENCE TRIES to teach some very slow pupils.

A MIDDLE-AGED person is one between the ages of twenty-five and seventy-five, according to the age of the person who makes the designation.

IT IS USEFUL, often, to hold your tongue; but far more so to know how to hold your pen.

WHEN PEGGY SMILES.

WHEN PEGGY smiles, the day for me
Is cold and dark and clouded over.
You marvel that this thing can be
Since her I love, and only she
My heart with passion's spell can cover,
To make me bend a willing knee.
You ask me how these facts agree?
Not far the answer to discover:
The day is cold, exceedingly,
When Peggy smiles — because, you see,
She smiles upon some other lover.

Madeline S. Bridges.

A LARGE PRACTICE.

PROSPECT HEIGHTS.— What sort of a physician is Dr. Banks?

MONTAGUE.— Electric.

PROSPECT HEIGHTS.— What 's that?

MONTAGUE.— He attends to trolley cases.

TIMES CHANGE.

TRAINER.— Wot 's makin' yeh so glum?

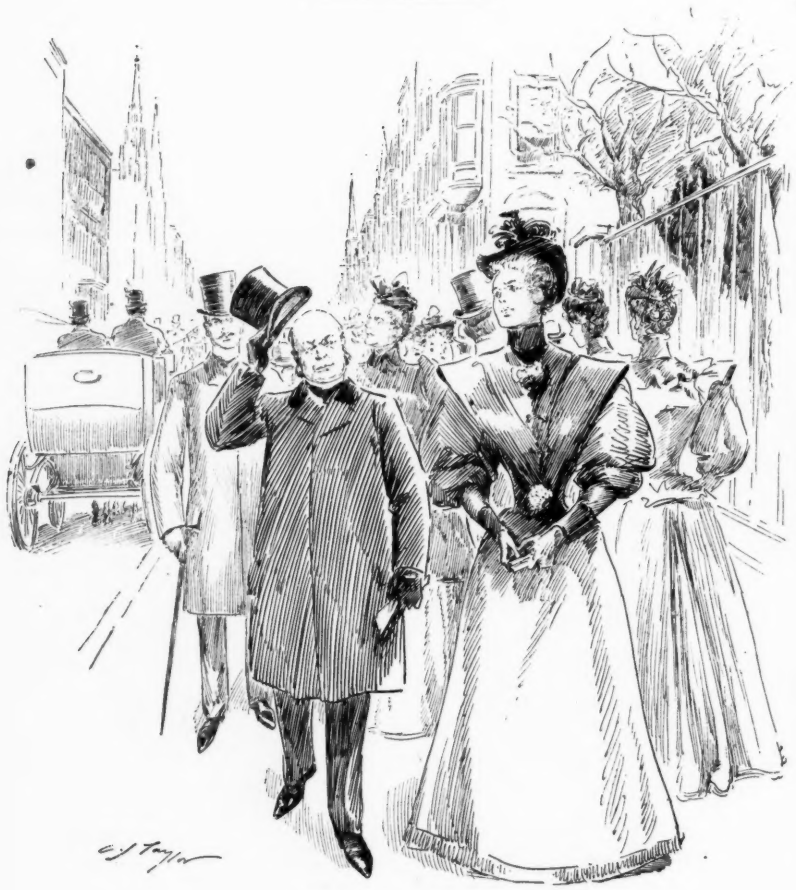
PRIZE-FIGHTER *(laying down a historical novel).*— Dis world is all goin' to der dogs. A few centuries ago I would 'a' been in a coat o' mail, headin' a charge o' knights in some battle o' the Roses, an' me childrens would 'a' been dukes an' princes. Now I can't even fight wid gloves, widout sneakin' away from the perlice; an' w'en I git to the top I must go on ther stage or start a gin mill.

MRS. HICKS.— Dick teased in vain for two years before he got his bicycle.

MRS. DIX.— How did his Uncle Ned happen to buy it for him?

MRS. HICKS.— I don't know; he took a sudden dislike to the boy.

THERE ARE graduates a-many
Who 'd have money in the bank,
Had their tender *Alma Maters*
Just been authorized to spank.



OH, BE JOYFUL!

DR. LITTANY *(on the way home from Easter service).*— Ah, Miss Van Mode, Eastertide is truly a joyous occasion!

MISS VAN MODE.— Yes; one *does* feel so happy in new clothes!

THE ONLY OBSTACLE.

ADVANCE AGENT *(in Oklahoma).*— What! Only one dressing-room in this theatre? You surely don't expect a dramatic company of eighteen ladies and gentlemen to dress in that one room, do you?

MANAGER DINKS *(of the Spread Eagle Theatre).*— What 's the matter? Hain't they on speakin' terms?

ENGAGING A STAFF.

ASYLUM ATTENDANT.— Gentleman at the door, sir, wants to know if we have any idiots here from good families.

SUPERINTENDENT.— What in creation is he after?

ATTENDANT.— I 'm sure I don't know; but he looks as if he had money. May be he wants to start a society paper.

ANOTHER SPECIES.

BROWN.— Had a terrible time in the office to-day. A crank called, and it was all we could do to get him out.

JONES.— A dynamite crank?

BROWN.—No; a base-ball crank.

NECESSITY MAY be the mother of invention; but, more often than not, she is childless.

A COAT OF arms is a good thing to trade on if you have no other capital.

"KEEPING IN TOUCH WITH THE MASSES."

IF YOU would know the difference in the speed of the shooting star and the canal mule, quietly observe a man in the act of taking money from a debtor and thrusting it into his pocket; and then watch him as he takes a dollar from his pocket to shower upon a creditor.

"YOU 'VE THE advantage of me, sir," said Pompus, loftily.

"Naturally, as I 'm not you," replied Secus.

NO MAN is a greater stickier for honesty than the grocer who dispenses thirty-eight cent and forty cent butter out of the same tub.

AN AMERICAN, dressed in broad checked clothing to look like an Englishman, is very much like a board house painted in squares to simulate brown stone.

THE CONVERSION OF BROTHER MAX.

ASH-WEDNESDAY was a year, one Abbot prest
Rich Max to don our holy Order's vest.
Max quaffed his wine and sighed,
"Alas, alas!
Misere me — nay, faith, but half a glass —
My heart is with you. If my flesh stays out
'T is for some wretched matter of a doubt —
Or half a doubt, perchance — some light from you,
Father, would doubtless melt them as the dew."
"What wit I have is but for souls perplext,"
Our Abbot said: "Sup here on Sunday next."

THE FIRST SUNDAY IN LENT.

"Father," he said, *"I would be sure*
If Purgatory shall endure
Beyond the shriving of a sin,
To cleanse some thought it started in?"

THE SECOND SUNDAY IN LENT.

"Father, you cleared my mind last week;
A further favor I bespeak.
Could you with more precision tell
The status of a soul in Hell?"

THE THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT.

"My doubts are fading fast away.
Help me one dubious ghost to lay.
'Homo' — 'Homoi' if I but knew
The very truth between the two!"

THE FOURTH SUNDAY IN LENT.

"Father, I tremble on the verge —
My flesh is itching for the serge —
But one thing needful show to me:
How many wards in Peter's key?"

THE SUNDAY NEXT BEFORE EASTER.

"Father, I come — your work is done,
Accept a new believing son.
I fain would seek my cell for prayer —
Let it be on the lower stair!
This birth of spiritual grace
Is like a fever in my face.
I had not thought my soul's abode
Was such a heavy, carnal load —
But standing still, as you may see,
I pant with holy ecstasy.
Prithee, my cell. I'd lay me down;
And — there will come a lad from town
To bring me — speed him, I beseech —
A purge commanded by the leech!"

And by a miracle of special grace,
Of seventeen pimples on the convert's face,
Scarce one remained, when, in the banquet hall,
Next week, our Brother feasted with us all.
And through the rigorous years with us he spent
Max smacked his lips to think he 'd saved one Lent.

BEAU BRUMMELLISM.

RURAL RAGGES.— Dey tell me yer gittin' ter be a wuss dood dan ever, Tatts.

TRAMPING TATTERS — Who 's been givin' yer dat lay-out?

RURAL RAGGES.— All of de boys. Dey say yer put brillantine on de fringe o' yer pants.

A STUDENT OF HUMAN NATURE.

OCHENHEIMER.— S' hellup me gracious! Der peobles all pass by, unt never once in dot winder look. I know vot I do!

DUBIOUS PRAISE.

PENFIELD.— He 's tickled to death because the critics call him our American Dickens.

MERRITT.— That 's strange. Those are the same fellows who tell us that Dickens was no writer at all.

REFORM WITH MODERATION.

DODGE. — Don't you think something should be done to put an end to these prize-fights?

LODGE.— Decidedly! They ought to be stopped by some stringent measure, to take effect immediately after the fight between Corbett and Jackson.

GOTROX.— Say, Small, are you opposed to the income tax?

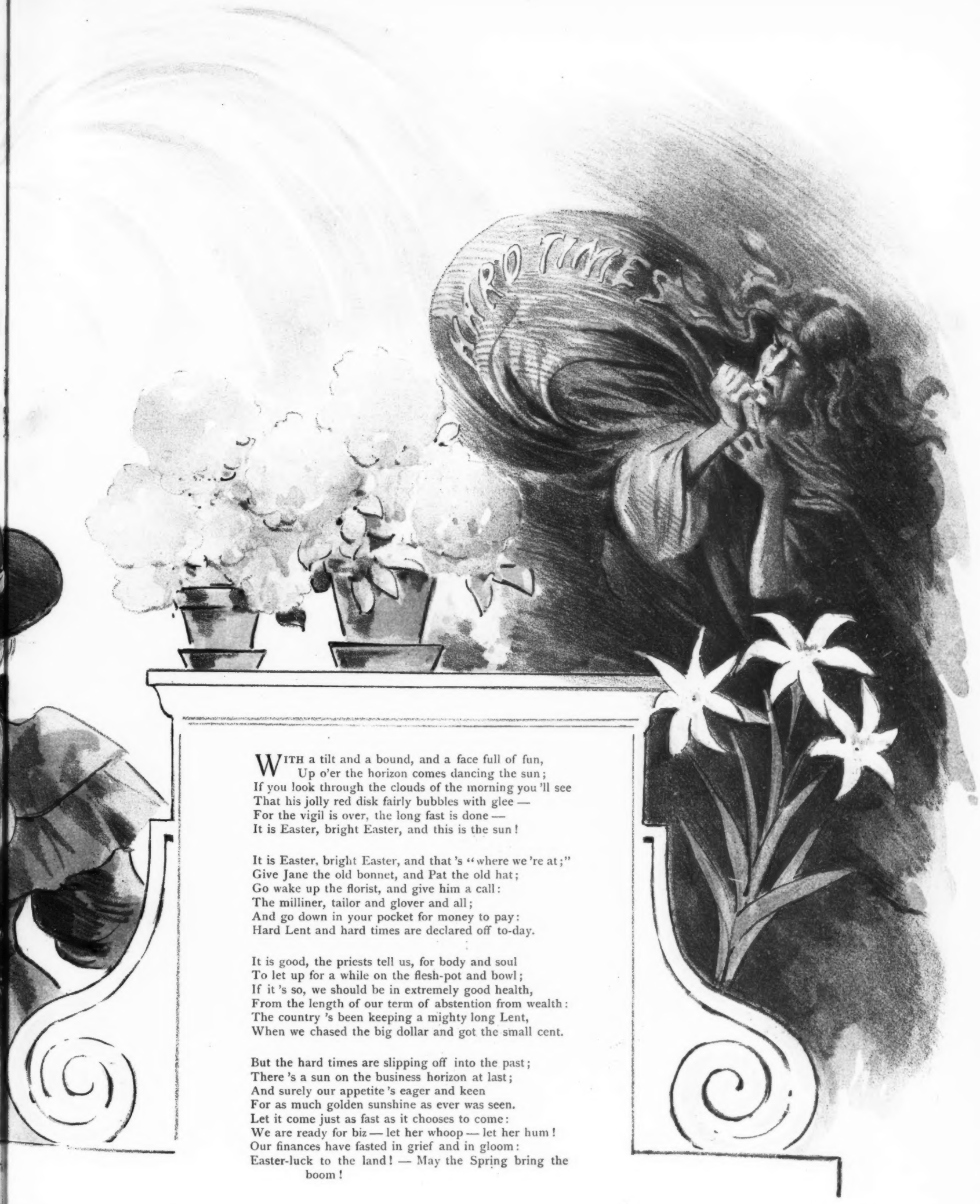
SMALL-PAI.— No; but I wish I was.

GOTROX.— Why so?

SMALL-PAI.— Because, if I was, my income would be at least four thousand dollars instead of four hundred.

OCHENHEIMER *(as he finishes tacking up the cloth).* — Now, see how dey dakes dot!

(Gratifying result of the play upon human nature.)



WITH a tilt and a bound, and a face full of fun,
Up o'er the horizon comes dancing the sun;
If you look through the clouds of the morning you 'll see
That his jolly red disk fairly bubbles with glee —
For the vigil is over, the long fast is done —
It is Easter, bright Easter, and this is the sun!

It is Easter, bright Easter, and that 's "where we 're at;"
Give Jane the old bonnet, and Pat the old hat;
Go wake up the florist, and give him a call:
The milliner, tailor and glover and all;
And go down in your pocket for money to pay:
Hard Lent and hard times are declared off to-day.

It is good, the priests tell us, for body and soul
To let up for a while on the flesh-pot and bowl;
If it 's so, we should be in extremely good health,
From the length of our term of abstention from wealth:
The country 's been keeping a mighty long Lent,
When we chased the big dollar and got the small cent.

But the hard times are slipping off into the past;
There 's a sun on the business horizon at last;
And surely our appetite 's eager and keen
For as much golden sunshine as ever was seen.
Let it come just as fast as it chooses to come:
We are ready for biz — let her whoop — let her hum!
Our finances have fasted in grief and in gloom:
Easter-luck to the land! — May the Spring bring the boom!

J. Ottmann Lith. Co. Puck Building N.Y.

pushing, shoving and cuffing, and after considerable trouble finally got them to doing what he wanted. I heard the heavier voice behind me utter half-aloud an expression of annoyance and disgust. Then the little figure passed me, running back to its rock, and hailed me as it passed.

"Hello, Governor!" it said; "you here? See you when I get this job done!"

"Billings," said I, "who on earth is that?"

"Arthur Penrhyn," said Billings. I looked again and saw that it was. Then I turned round and saw behind me the gigantic form of Mitch. He, too, spoke to me as I passed, and with a look of simple pleasure in his face that made it seem absolutely strange to me.

"Glad to see you, Sir," he said.

Sir!

* * *

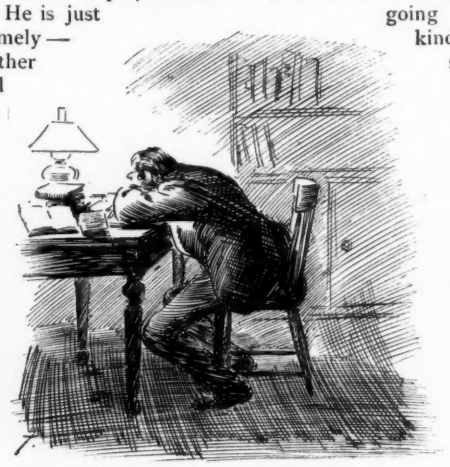
"It 's a most remarkable case altogether," said Billings, who had got back to his normal self, and had brought out the champagne. "When that boy came here he was just as you described him — just like his poor father in the days when we first knew each other. He brooded a little too much, and seemed discontented; but, considering his disappointment at college, that was natural enough. Well, do you know, I believe it 's he that 's doing the whole thing, and that he is effecting the substitution for his own ends, though I don't know what they are."

"Perhaps," I suggested, "he wants his Ghoollah to get the job away from Mitch's Ghoollah."

"Ahem!" said Billings, looking a little embarrassed; "I — in fact, I 've discovered that the best Pundits do not use that word. It ought to be —"

Here Billings gave me the correct word; but I draw the line at Ghoollah, and Ghoollah it stays while I am telling this story.

"He had n't been here a week before I noticed that he kept his eyes fixed on Mitch all the time they were together. He looked at him as though he were actually trying to absorb him. Before long, I saw that Mitch began to be troubled under that steady gaze. He seemed at first angry, then distressed, and he had long fits of silence. His boisterousness has been vanishing steadily; but it is not sullenness that he displays — on the contrary, I have never known him so gentle. He is just as efficient in his duties, without being so extremely — demonstrative as he used to be. And as for that other boy, who probably had never uttered a profane word in his life, or spoken rudely to any human being — well, you heard him to-day!"



I made up my mind to try to drink fifty dollars' worth of Billings's champagne before the end of the week to even up on my bet; and, as the days went on, each new development only served to urge me to greater assiduity in the task. The spirit of Big Mitch looked out of little Arthur Penrhyn's insolent eyes, spoke out of his foul mouth, and showed itself even in tricks of gesture and carriage, and in lines of facial expression. And Big Mitch, though his huge, uncouth frame and coarse lineaments lent themselves but ill to the showing of it, carried within him a new spirit of gentleness and humility. We saw little of him, for after work hours he kept persistently to his room. But once, late at night, seeing him, through his open door, asleep over a book, I stepped softly in and looked over his big shoulders at the half-dozen volumes that littered his table. They were college text-books, and on the fly-leaf of each one was the name of Arthur Penryhn.

* * *

I had packed my valise, and was looking for Billings to pay him his fifty dollars, when Big Mitch came out of his room — it was the noon hour — and he asked me for the favor of a few words.

"I am ashamed to trouble you, sir," he said, "but if you could help me to get any sort of a job in New York, or anywhere else, I 'd be more thankful than I could tell you. I can afford to take almost any sort of a place where there 's a future, for I am pretty well ahead of the game financially, and I 've earned my interest in this concern. And it 's in such shape now that Mr. Billings can get along without me."

"But, my dear boy," I said, "why do you *want* to go?"

Big Mitch frowned and fidgeted nervously; then he exploded.

"I 'll give it to you straight," he said. "It 's that Penrhyn pup. When he first came here I thought I was just about the nicest little man on God's footstool. I was as contented with myself as a basket of eggs. I knew it all. I was so sharp you could cut glass with me. I was the only real sport in the outfit. See? And I 'd got a roving commission to jump on people's necks. Well, *you* know what I was. And I liked myself. See?"

"But?" I began. "Arthur Penrhyn —"

"*So did he.* I don't believe any one in the world was ever stuck on me before, but *he* was. That little ape had n't been here a week before he began to do everything he saw me do, and pretty soon he had me down so fine that he might have been my twin brother, if we ever had such runts in our family. Well, I began to sour on the show, understand? I could see for myself it was n't pretty. Well, one day I came around a corner, and there was that baboon sassing back to old man Billings. I was just going to pick him up and break his neck, when I felt kind of sick at my stomach, and I says to myself, 'You swine! that 's the way *you* 've been treating that white man! How do you like yourself now?'"

Big Mitch clutched desperately at his rumpled hair.

"I 'm going to be a gentleman," he grunted, "if I have to chew gravel to do it. I 'll do it, though, and I 'll show up some day and surprise the old man before he cashes in his last lung. But if I don't get a fresh start pretty soon, I 'll do something to that Penrhyn monkey that won't be any young lady's dancing-class, you bet your boots!"

* * *

I told Billings. First he paid me fifty dollars. Then he made a bonfire of all his theosophic outfit. Then he went down to the quarry and announced that he was his own boss from that time on; and by way of a sample demonstration he called up Arthur Penrhyn and knocked the everlasting Ghoollah out of him. Then he came back to the house and looked at the thermometer.

To this day, I never see champagne without thinking of drinking some.

TO MISS BELL.

DAISY! DAISY!
Give him your answer, *do!*
We 're half crazy
Hearing him sing of you.
Just name the day for the marriage,
We 'll all chip in for a carriage,
And 't will be our treat,
If you 'll put in a seat
For those two little girls in blue!

F. S. B.

THE DAWN OF THE MILLENNIUM.

PELL.— I tell you, things will be different at Coney Island hereafter.

BELL.— Yes, sir! An indignant people will go down there next Summer and demand a full glass of beer.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

FIRST REPORTER.— Yes, I resigned my position. The last assignment was too much for me.

SECOND REPORTER.— What did they want you to do?

FIRST REPORTER.— Wanted me to get myself sent to Sing Sing for five years, in order to furnish daily reports on John Y. McKane. You know it has always been the policy of the *Daily Busybody* to continue good work with especial vigor after it is finished.

NO PLAGIARIST.

KING.— You may say what you like of Mrs. Lease, but she has some decidedly original ideas.

WING.— For instance?

KING.— She has alluded to Chicago as a "conservative town."

"A SUBURBAN LOT."

A FASTIDIOUS FAMILY.

MRS. MCGOOGAN. — It is rale stuck-up the O'Tooles are gettin'.

MRS. DUFFY.— It is thot!

MRS. MCGOOGAN. — Oi see now that even their goat wears his beard trimmed to a point.

FITTED TO THE PART.

NURSE.—The patient has been raving incessantly since you were here day before yesterday. He has not slept, but has talked, talked continuously.

DOCTOR *(cheerfully)*. — Oh, that won't hurt him a bit! You doubtless were not aware that our charge is the famous Populist leader, Senator Smith.

CHOLLY.—Aw—awfully swell, that Easter bonnet of yours!

THE CHICAGO GIRL *(stoutly and loyally)*.— Pardon me; this is a Western hat!

HIS ONLY HOPE.

JEWELER.— I can't let you have another engagement ring, Mr. Upton. You owe me for three already.

HARDY UPTON. —You 'd better let me have this one, too. If this goes, I 'll be in a position to pay for the others in a few months.

HER CALENDAR.

Her tears are April showers,
May buds her smiles,
And June's sweet blossomed bowers
Her witching wiles—
To all save me. Alas!
With lips a-parch
I watch her coldly pass,
And know she 's March.

A FATAL DEFECT.

BELL. — This underground road scheme will never work in New York. The people won't have it.

PELL.—Why not?

BELL.—Why, there 's no provision for dropping grease and cinders on pedestrians.

BAGGED.

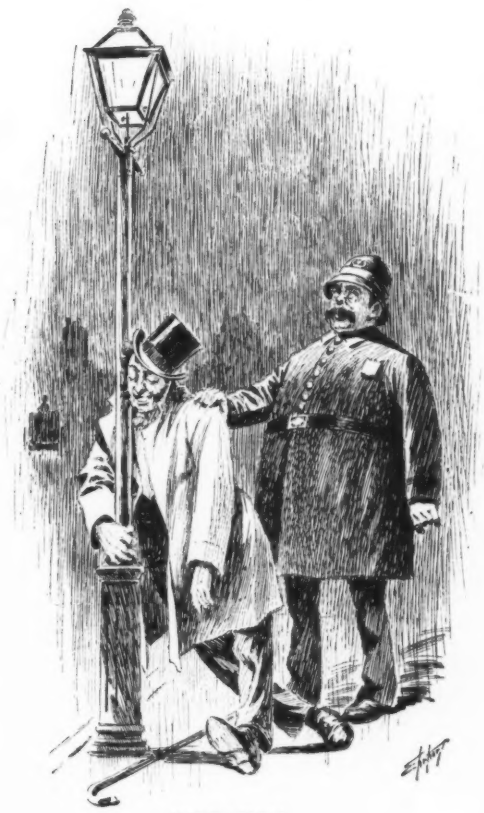
BROWN.— Great haul the police made in that raid last night.

JONES.—Who were arrested?

BROWN.—Twenty-five election inspectors.

FIRST LABOR AGITATOR.—Was your meeting of the unemployed a success?

SECOND LABOR AGITATOR —Naw!—Half the men could n't leave their jobs.



MISTAKEN.

OFFICER.— Come on, sir! You can't sleep here.

CONVIVIAL PARTY.—Can't, eh! Jush watch m'.

(Falls off into a profound slumber.)

UNWRITTEN COURT NEWS.

THE PRESIDENT.— Ha! Who comes here?

HERALD *(from Hawaii)*.— Grover Cleveland, President of the United States, I, Sambo Ebony, of the Court of Hawaii, accredited representative of Queen Liliuokalani, now in Her Majesty's name demand that you at once restore her to the throne of her fathers, wrested from her by force; or, failing in that, I, Sambo Ebony, envoy of the Court of Hawaii, do now freely and openly denounce you and your people as base meddlers, and I hereby warn you to beware the dire punishment which is to come. There lies my gage!

THE PRESIDENT.— By my halidom, thou speakest boldly! What canst thy ex-royal mistress do?

HERALD *(with a shriek of defiance)*.— She can LECTURE!!

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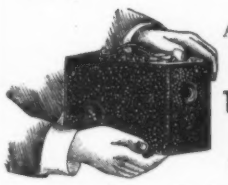
is ready?



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VAIN REGRETS.

BRETZEL.—Vat a pity it vas I never learn de railroad business!

SCHIMMEL.—How aboudt idt?

BRETZEL.—I might get me a chob as section handt in der beer tunnel.

FEET AND INCHES.

PRISCILLA.—My dear, your dress is so short that I'm half afraid they can see your ankles.

PRUNELLA.—And it's so long that I'm half afraid they can't.

YOU ARE LOOKING FOR

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Not Equaled as a CHEW or SMOKE.

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"*PLAIN ENGLISH.*"

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WINKS.—What 's the matter, old boy? You look as if you did n't get sleep enough. Got a new baby?

JINKS.—No. Got a daughter old enough to have callers.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

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MR. GILFOYLE.—Why?

MRS. GILFOYLE.—It does n't taste horribly enough.—*Truth.*

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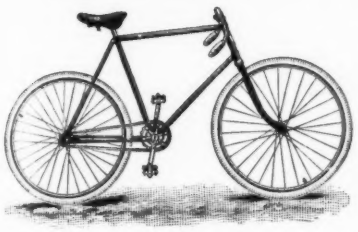

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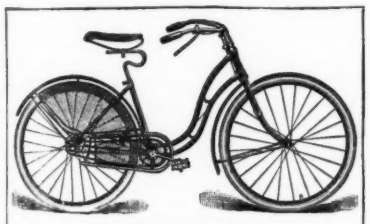

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IT is a good thing for you to have riches, but a bad thing for riches to have you.—*Ram's Horn.*

WHEN a theatrical company gets hit in the West, it is the railroad track which sees the stars. — *Yonkers Statesman.*

A RIP SAW — Go it while you're young.—*Truth.*

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SOME days a pretty girl is not pretty.—*Atchison Globe.*

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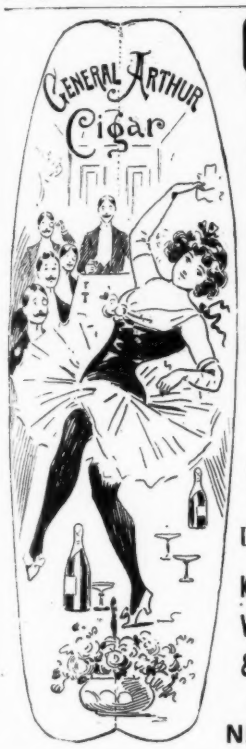

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